

HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR RADIO (Original Scripts)

Series 1. Episode 15.

The Marriage Bureau



TONY HANCOCK

with

MOIRA LISTER, BILL KERR, & SIDNEY JAMES

in

"HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR"

No. 15

KENNETH WILLIAMS

INCIDENTAL MUSIC COMPOSED BY WALLY STOTT & RECORDED BY THE BBC
AUGMENTED REVUE ORCHESTRA CONDUCTED BY HARRY RABINOWITZ.

SCRIPT BY: RAY GALTON & ALAN SIMPSON

ANNOUNCER: ADRIAN WALLER

PRODUCED BY - DENNIS MAIN WILSON

REHEARSAL: MONDAY 7th FEBRUARY 1955: 2.00-5.00pm. AEOLIAN 2
11.00pm. PARIS

RECORDING: MONDAY 7th FEBRUARY 1955: 11.15pm-12.15am. PARIS

TRANSMISSION: TUESDAY 8th FEBRUARY 1955: 8.00-8.30pm. LIGHT

REPEATS: TUESDAY 8th FEBRUARY 1955: 9.30-10.00pm. GOS

SATURDAY 12th FEBRUARY 1955: 10.30-11.00am. GOS

CONTINUITY

(Live) : THIS IS THE BBC LIGHT PROGRAMME

GRAMS: (ON RED LIGHT) "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 1

ADRIAN: We present Tony Hancock with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr and Sidney James in...

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 2

TONY: (ALL EXCITED - BREATH) "Hancock's Half Hour".

GRAMS: "HANCOCK OPENING" - PART 3

ADRIAN: The age of miracles is not yet past. Pigs may fly, the sun may shine..and Tony Hancock may even go to work. Yes indeed this week our hero was forced by circumstances beyond his bank manager's control to seek employment. At the insistent hint of his local Labour Exchange, he went along to the offices of Bush and Shepherds, the firm of financiers and stockbrokers, to be interviewed by the Managing Director...

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" (UP & UNDER)

KENNETH: Well now Mr. Hancock, let's see how you've got on with our Intelligence Test. Uhuh. Well, you've managed to get just over half of the little wooden blocks in the right holes.

TONY: I would have got more in if me hammer and chisel hadn't broke.

KENNETH: Quite. Now let's see how you managed with the written paper. You have finished it?

TONY: Oh my word yes. I've got it here somewhere...now where did I put it...I -

KENNETH: Is this it here...on the floor?

TONY: Oh yes, that's it, yes.

KENNETH: And why is it folded in this manner?

TONY: That's the only way it'll fly.

KENNETH: Mr. Hancock I -

TONY: You see you tear off this end bit here - fold it - and that makes the tail and -

KENNETH: Mr. Hancock please I -

TONY: Then you bend this bit back here and -

KENNETH: Mr. Hancock, I am not interested in -

TONY: Then you fold it again just here, making sure that you don't -

KENNETH: Mr. Hancock, this is an examination paper. You can't come in here making er....this bit here?

TONY: That's it.

KENNETH: That's strange. I used to fold this bit here then tear off this place here.

TONY: What? Ho, ho, no. Never get it off the ground that way.

KENNETH: I beg your pardon, you would. You fold the tail round here, then you...ahem, ahem... Mr. Hancock, I am not interested in the aerodynamic possibilities of your examination paper. Whether or not we offer you employment depends entirely upon the answers you have given.

TONY: Alright, alright, don't get aeriated. I've answered all the questions.

KENNETH: Then let us continue. Ahem. question one was..."What is an isosceles triangle?" - and you answered "Yes".

TONY: That's it.

KENNETH: That is not the right answer.

TONY: Alright then..."no".

KENNETH: That is not the right answer either.

TONY: Oh, I get your little game...it's a trick question.

KENNETH: No - I'm sorry Mr. Hancock, this just isn't good enough.

TONY: Alright then, what is an isosceles triangle? Go on clever dick, you tell me.

KENNETH: An isosceles triangle is a triangle whose angles at the bases are equal.

TONY: Just a tick, I'll write it in. Isosceles triangle...angle at the bases....equal. There you are, that's one right. Carry on.

KENNETH: Question two was..."Write a brief essay on Advertising"...and you have answered... "Advertising is something what the BBC don't do, but shortly are going to wish they had've". Is that all?

TONY: Well it's enough to get me banned ent it.

KENNETH: Question three. Geography. "Where is Ben Nevis?"..."On tour with 'Soldiers in Skirts' "

TONY: Well that's three out of three.

KENNETH: Question four. "Who was the father of the Black Prince?"..."Old King Cole". Is there any point in going on?

TONY: I don't think so, it's all there. And I haven't got no reference books.

KENNETH: Well as you know, this firm is in desperate need of a new manager. Knowledge of advanced mathematics, well versed in International finance, able to make lightning decisions involving large sums of money.....and on reading your answers, I've just remembered that we also need a new caretaker.

TONY: Hancock a caretaker?

KENNETH: Six pounds a week.

TONY: With my qualifications? Look, please don't be hasty. Give me another chance. Go on, ask me another question. Let me prove how much I'm worth to you. Go on.

KENNETH: Alright. Where are the Pennines?

TONY: In the inkstand.

KENNETH: Five pounds a week.

TONY: No look I - give me another one...anything...I can answer it. Finance - go on.

KENNETH: Very well. Convert a hundred and seventy eight dollars into Chinese yen and then into sterling.

TONY: Sixpence halfpenny.

KENNETH: Nonsense. Fifty eight pounds two and -

TONY: Ah, but what about me fare over from China?

KENNETH: I'm sorry Mr. Hancock, caretaker is all I can offer you.

TONY: Oh alright. When do i start?

KENNETH: Well just a few details first. Age?

TONY: Twenty one.

KENNETH: Thirty.

TONY: Twenty three.

KENNETH: Twenty nine.

TONY: Twenty five?

KENNETH: Twenty seven.

TONY: I'll take it.

KENNETH: Wife's name?

TONY: Mrs. Hancock....no, wait a minute, I'm not married.

KENNETH: Tch, tch, tch, tch...

TONY: And you take the smirk off your face, I'm on me tod.

KENNETH: That's very awkward. You can't have the job unless you're married. It has always been our policy only to employ married men.

TONY: Why?

KENNETH: It leaves our directors a clear field with the typists.

TONY: But I must get the job...I'm desperate. I need the money. I haven't paid any rent for three weeks.

KENNETH: How much is your rent?

TONY: All depends. Penny for the wooden ones, twopence for the deckchairs.

KENNETH: Well I'm sorry Mr. Hancock - no wife, no job.

TONY: Wait a minute.....Moir. Hang on. Keep it open I'll be back.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SLAMS)

KENNETH: (TO HIMSELF) Now let's see. Fold it back just here, then bend this piece over here, tear this piece off round here....

GRAMS: LINK (Over Kenneth)

EFFECTS: (FAST RUNNING FOOTSTEPS UPSTAIRS. DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

TONY: (PANTING) Darling I love you. Will you marry me? I can't live without you. (KISSES) I need you. Say you'll be mine. (KISSES) My darling, only you can make me happy. Say you will. (KISSES) Please marry me darling. You will won't you? (KISSES) Please darling please.

BILL: Will you open your eyes and stop kissing me - Moira's not here.

TONY: Oh, it's you is it. Thank goodness...that stubble had me worried. Where's Moira - I must find her.

BILL: She's gone down to the shops. Say Tub, what's all this wedding bells stuff?

TONY: That job I went after...they won't take me unless I'm married?

BILL: Why do you want to get a job where you have to be married?

TONY: Use your loaf. Then I can have a lay in and let her get on with it. Moira's a good strong girl, there's years of hard graft left in her yet. And that's not all. I've got it all worked out. Two lots of income tax allowance, only one health stamp, then there's the future....

BILL: But Tub you can't....

TONY: How much a week would you need to live comfortably on?

BILL: Oooh, about eight pounds.

TONY: Eight quid. Nothing for the first one, eight bob for the second...twenty one kids, I'll be able to turn it in . I'd better get weaving. Moira...!!

BILL: Tub, you can't marry a girl like Moira for reasons like that.

TONY: It doesn't have to be Moira. Anybody'll do, I'm not fussy. I don't care who she is as long as it's a woman.

BILL: Then forget about Moira huh?

TONY: No. Moira's the only girl I'm on speaking terms with, so she'll have to make do for the time being. I'm marrying her and that's that.

BILL: But you can't do this to me. We've been with each other too long, ever since I arrived from Australia, together in this little flat of yours. You can't just throw me out after all these years. I've been happy here.

TONY: I don't doubt it. You haven't paid any rent since you've been here.

BILL: But Tub, I'll have nowhere to go. I rely on you. Doesn't our friendship mean anything to you?

TONY: Friendship?

BILL: All I've done for you.

TONY: Hah...Lying in bed all day drinking me booze and smoking me fags.

BILL: I only did it for you. I didn't want you to wind up an alcoholic with a smoker's cough.

TONY: Thank you. Most touching. I hope one day I can save you from a similar fate. I'm very sorry William, I am getting married and I'm afraid there will be no room for a Roger the Lodger - so hoppit. You'll just have to go out and get a job the same as I've had to.

BILL: That's a cruel thing to say Tub. You know very well that my...war wound stops me from working.

TONY: War wound? A car backfired and you strained a muscle running for an air raid shelter.

BILL: You couldn't take any chances in those days.

TONY: It was 1938.

BILL: You're a hard man Tub, after all I've done to make your little flat comfortable.

TONY: Here we go.

BILL: Who chopped up the front door to make a fire when you were cold? Who ran a cable out to the street lamp when they cut off our gas supply? Who was it who used to go and get the food when we were hungry?

TONY: I could have bored a hole into next door's larder.

BILL: Who was it -

TONY: Alright, alright, don't keep on. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let you stay with me.

BILL: Gee thanks Tub.

TONY: And when I get married you can move up into the attic.

BILL: Oh, now wait a minute...

TONY: It'll be alright. Put a roof on, move the coal out, it'll be just like the living room.

BILL: It's just like the living room now, I was hoping for something better,

TONY: Please yourself. It's either the attic or clear out.

BILL: Alright, I'll take it. But I've got my pride. I refuse to suffer the humiliation of going out to work.

TONY: Well you're not sponging on me any more. I want some rent from now on.

BILL: You'll get it, you'll get it. Let's see now, thirty eight bob a week old age pension, less the hire of the beard and dark glasses. Yeah - that should be enough to live on.

TONY: Right. Now the only problem is to persuade Moira.

BILL: You could twist her arm.

TONY: That's alright for those pickle factory girls you knock about with..but Moira's a different cup of tea. She's sophisticated. I've got to woo her. The heavy passionate stuff, she likes that. Course it's right up my street as well.

BILL: Really?

TONY: What? Hot Lips Hancock, the toast of the Tooting Broadway School of Dancing? Tango night of course.

BILL: You think Moira'll fall for this line?

TONY: Of course she will. One sniff of me hair oil, she'll be up the wall.

BILL: Well you'd better hurry up, she'll be back in a minute.

TONY: Right. Let's get the room ready. You know, get that romantic atmosphere. Shift the cheese off the table and turn the gas bracket down. Oh and get that washing out of the fireplace, it should be dry now.

BILL: Now don't forget Tub, you've got to look the part. You know, suave, confident, man of the world.

TONY: Yes of course. The black patch over the eye, the long cigarette holder and the silk scarf.

BILL: Perfect. Anything else?

TONY: Yes, get me hand painted silk dressing gown out. The dragon's should be dry by now.

BILL: Now drinks Tub. Very important, they're half the battle. Soften them up like they do in the films.

TONY: Good idea. Bottle of stout in the ice bucket - I'll be halfway home.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

BILL: That's her. Well Tub, this is your big moment.

TONY: Right. Everything ready? Put a record on, let's have some music. You know, lights down at the Palais stuff.

EFFECTS: ("CHARMAINE" RECORD)

TONY: Aaaaah....that's it. I'll just go and drape meself seductively over the divan, letting me dressing gown fall open just enough to reveal a tantalising glimpse of me Argyle socks.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

BILL: Coming. (SOTTO) Go on, get on the divan.

EFFECTS: DOOR OPEN)

MOIRA: Hallo Bill.

BILL: Hi Moira.

MOIRA: Bill, what's that bundle of old rags doing on the divan?

BILL: That is the toast of Tooting Broadway School of Dancing, tango night.

TONY: Come in...my dear. Won't you sit down? No, not on the orange box, over here next to me. That's it. Ah Moira, Moira...

MOIRA: Tony, close your dressing gown, those revolting socks.

TONY: Keep calm Anthony, a minor setback. Wait till she catches your hair oil.

MOIRA: Oooh dear. Bill - open the window, that terrible smell. Where's it coming from.

TONY: Bill, got me hat handy?

MOIRA: Tony, what is that awful stuff you've got on your hair?

TONY: Awful stuff? This is me hair oil. Got it off me barber, André. André Higgins. Ninepence a bottle that lot. I put it on specially for you. I thought it'd make a change from the dripping.

MOIRA: Look Tony, I came round to see you about father's birthday. I think you ought to get him a present because he's done a lot for you over the year.

TONY: (HEAVY ROMANCE) Ah Moira, Moira, you're looking so beautiful tonight. Give me your hand. (KISSES) This is the moment I've been waiting for. Moira, Moira, your lips intoxicate me. Those beautiful eyes, challenging, inviting. The delicate texture of your milk white skin -

MOIRA: (CHATTY) What have you got that silly eyeshade on for?

TONY: (SAME INTONATION) What have I got this silly...No. Ha! Ha! Cor dear. There's only the stout left now. I can't understand it. This same routine sent the charlady beserk this morning.

MOIRA: As I was saying Tony, I think it'd be a good idea to give father a birthday present, get in his good books. I think he likes you really, it's just that -

TONY: (HEAVY STUFF AGAIN) Moira, Moira, come closer. When you're near me like this, life seems to take on a different meaning. There's nothing I wouldn't do for you Moira, if you were mine. Oh Moira. (KISSES) Marry me and make yourself the happiest woman in the world. Don't deny yourself this ecstasy. What do you want most out of life?

MOIRA: A pair of slippers.

TONY: What?

MOIRA: Buy him a pair of slippers.

TONY: Buy him a....The stout, where's the stout! Ah, here we are. Get her senses reeling. Where's the bottle opener? Ah of course, on the end of me boy scout's knife. (GRUNTS) Soon get it open. Ah.

EFFECTS: (HISS OF ESCAPING BEER)

TONY: Who shook it up?

MOIRA: Oh Tony - look - all over my new dress.

TONY: Never mind, let me sponge it off with the bottom of me dressing gown.

MOIRA: Stop, you're making it worse. All that red stuff's coming off.

TONY: Oh, bother, me dragon's have smudged. Look, I'm sorry Moira, sit down again. Stop yapping and listen, the lad's being romantic. (HEAVY) Ah Moira, Moira. (KISSES) You hot little bundle you, I'm mad about you. You're all I've ever dreamed about. (KISSES) Oh, this is so romantic. Let me offer you a drink. There. Drink this me proud beauty. Wipe the top of the bottle when you've finished, I want some. (HEAVY AGAIN) Ah, Moira my darling, my precious little flower. Will you marry me?

MOIRA: Yes.

TONY: Yes?

MOIRA: Definitely.

TONY: I knew you couldn't resist me.

MOIRA: Yes, it's a good idea. He needs a pair of slippers.

TONY: That's it, I give up. I can't understand it. Rubirosa's twice my age and he's had four of 'em. It must be me. I think I'm losing me looks.

MOIRA: Tony, what are you mumbling about?

TONY: For the last five minutes I've been trying to ask you to marry me.

MOIRA: Why didn't you say so.

TONY: (MIMICS) Why didn't I say so. Cor. It's enough to send you into a monastery.

MOIRA: Do you really love me Tony?

TONY: (IMPATIENT) Yes, yes of course I do. Can't live without you, you are my heart's desire, I love you Nellie Dean. Now hurry up and make up your mind 'cos if it's no, I can find someone else before the job goes.

MOIRA: Of course I'll marry you Tony.

TONY: Right. I've got the licence, sign here, we'll nip down to Caxton Hall, get spliced and have an early night 'cos we've got to be up at six in the morning stoking the boilers.

MOIRA: But what about our honeymoon?

TONY: Honeymoon?

MOIRA: I want to go to Switzerland.

TONY: Alright, I'll see you when you get back. Now then -

MOIRA: (Tony in brackets) But you must come too Tony. A honeymoon's not the same unless you both go. Oh it'll be wonderful. First class sleepers to Switzerland. (Oh yes) Perhaps we can stop off at Paris and you can buy me a nice trousseau from Dior. (Of course) On to St. Moritz for a month or two. (Oh stay for the season) Then I think we just ought to tour round. (Yes) French Riviera, Nice, Cannes, Biarritz, Italian Alps then onto Rome. I hear the society there is the most fashionable in Europe these days.

TONY: Well, Monte Carlo's gone right down since the end of the war hasn't it. I mean, nobody goes there these days, simply nobody.

MOIRA: Then I think we'll fly back to London round about August, calling in at Paris to see the Autumn collection.

TONY: Not bad for a five pound a week caretaker. How much is this little lot going to knock me back?

MOIRA: For the two of us....oooh, I should imagine we ought to be able to do it comfortably on about three thousand.

TONY: Yes. Look, you don't want to marry me Moira. I'm not good enough for you.

MOIRA: You are.

TONY: I'm not. I'm fat and ugly.

MOIRA: I like men who are fat and ugly.

TONY: I'm slimming and having beauty treatment.

MOIRA: But Tony I -

TONY: No Moira - you're making a big mistake. I can't think why you should possibly want to marry me.

MOIRA: But it was you who wanted to marry me.

TONY: Well there you are, I'm unreliable. That's the type of man I am. A trifler, a philanditherer. No good. Rotten to the core. Forget me Moira. You'll get over it. Just a girlish infatuation.

MOIRA: But you were doing all the passionate courting.

TONY: (AMAZED) Never trust a man, they're so deceitful.

MOIRA: You said you couldn't live without me.

TONY: No, But I've thought it over and it'll be cheaper if I try. I'll show you to the door.

MOIRA: Yes, but I -

TONY: Run along Moira, there's a good girl. Sorry I can't marry you this time. Call again. Sorry you've been troubled.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

TONY: Now, who's next?

BILL: (COMING ON) How did you make out Tub?

TONY: Terrible. Moira's no good. I somehow can't see her in a boiler suit with a shovel of coal in her hand.

BILL: What are you going to do now?

TONY: I don't know, I've got to act quickly. I've got to find a wife by tomorrow morning or the job'll be gone.

BILL: Wait a minute. Of course - the very thing. Go to a marriage bureau. They'll sort you one out.

TONY: Yes - that's not a bad idea.

BILL: I was talking to Edwardian Fred down at the Billiard hall last night and he was telling me that Sid James has gone into the wedding business.

TONY: Is nothing sacred? I can just imagine the sort of wives he supplies.

BILL: Well I don't know Tub, Sid's bureau has done some good work already. He found Johnny Spooner a wife.

TONY: I haven't seen her.

BILL: Yes you have. Don't you remember, we met them in the pub yesterday.

TONY: Was that his wife?

BILL: Yeah.

TONY: I thought it was his brother - and he's no oil painting.

BILL: Look, you haven't got time to be fussy. Sid's your only chance. Come on, let's get down there.

GRAMS: "TIME & MOVEMENT" LINK

BILL: Here we are. 'The Lonely Hearts Matrimonial Bureau. Proprietor Sidney "I'll dance at your wedding" James '. Let's go in.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

SIDNEY: Come in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN. CHIMES PLAY FIRST TWO LINES OF "HERE COMES THE BRIDE")

SIDNEY: (DEAD BORED) Welcome dear lonely hearts, I run this not as a commercial establishment but for the love of mankind, for I too have passed through the portals of abject misery before I found the soulmate what has made these last seven years one round of bliss and contentment. Sign here - five nicker please.

BILL: Hiya Sid.

TONY: Mr. James.

SIDNEY: Oh, it's you two is it. What do you want.

TONY: I want you to find me a wife. Can you do it?

SIDNEY: Well they found Frankenstein a bride, you shouldn't be much harder. Sit down. Age?

TONY: Twenty one.

SIDNEY: Forty two. Height?

TONY: Five foot six.

SIDNEY: Six foot seven. Weight?

TONY: Thirteen stone.

SIDNEY: Eighteen stone four.

TONY: Wait a minute, these aren't my details.

SIDNEY: Who's talking about you? This is the dame I'm getting for you.

TONY: Oh no. I want to see what I'm getting. Haven't you got any photographs?

SIDNEY: Yes, I've got some in the files here. What do you want, tall, short, thin, fat, blonde, dark, red, old, young, middle aged...?

TONY: Yes please.

SIDNEY: O.K. Take a look at this lot.

TONY: Mmmm....oh yes..yes I like this batch. I'd marry any of them.

SIDNEY: Well you can't.

TONY: Why not?

SIDNEY: That's the Australian Cricket Team.

TONY: You having me on?

SIDNEY: No - I just want to make sure you know the difference between the sexes.

TONY: I know me differences, I don't go mixed bathing for nothing you know, my word no. When I'm in the bath I know what side I'm on.

SIDNEY: You're cleverer than I thought. Now then -

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

GRANNY: (*Moira?*) Morning Mr. James.

SIDNEY: Hallo Granny, back again? (*SOTTO*) Poor old girl. Been on the books for fifty years. Can't find anybody for her. Comes in every week to see if there's any leftovers.

GRANNY: Any male for me today Mr. James?

SIDNEY: Sorry Granny, right out of stock.

GRANNY: What about...them. They're men aren't they?

BILL: Well her memory's good anyway.

GRANNY: I'll have the fat one, I'm not particular.

TONY: Madam, please. Get your umbrella from round me neck. Madam control yourself. Your high button boots are showing. Please madam...

SIDNEY: Granny, let go of him. I've told you before, you mustn't be too eager - it frightens 'em off.

GRANNY: I haven't got time for the waiting game. Come on Fatty, let's live.

TONY: Get off. Scat. Shoo. Go on, hoppit.

GRANNY: I want a man.

TONY: Go and ask Pickles, he'll find one for you.

SIDNEY: Don't worry Granny, I'll keep you in mind. Come back next week, I'll see what I can sort out for you.

GRANNY: Alright, and don't forget, I don't care what condition they're in. Just get them in, lock all the doors and I'll do the rest.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

SIDNEY: Poor old girl. I wish I could find someone for her.

BILL: Well I know a kangaroo who might...

TONY: Bill, please have a little decorum. Now about my wife Sidney. There shouldn't be any difficulty. There must be someone who wouldn't mind marrying me.

SIDNEY: Well I don't know Hancock.

TONY: I'm not bad looking. There should be a market for my type of face.

SIDNEY: Oh, there is.

TONY: Where?

SIDNEY: Billingsgate. Look Hancock, what do you want to get married for anyway. It's a mugs game.

TONY: I don't want to get married. It's a case of needs must.

BILL: Yeah. He's after a job and they won't take him unless he's married.

SIDNEY: Oh so that's it is it? Well if it's only work you're after, there's no need to get married for it. I can find a job for you.

TONY: Doing what?

SIDNEY: Managing this place for me. I've got to go away for a few weeks.

BILL: Why?

SIDNEY: They're examining the books tomorrow. I need someone to look after the place while I'm gone. The money's good. What do you say?

BILL: It's a deal.

TONY: Perfect. I've got a job..and I've kept me freedom. No woman's hands going through my pockets on a Friday night...just Bill's, like he's been doing for years. Ha, ha.
(SINGS) A bachelor gay am I...etc....

SIDNEY: Well I think you'll find everything straightforward. Just introduce 'em, leave the room, lock the doors..and come back in about four days with the vicar. You can start first thing in the morning.

GRAMS: "COMFY DOMESTIC HANCOCK"

TONY: (HUMMING TO HIMSELF)

BILL: Well we haven't done badly for the first week. All the men that have been in.

TONY: Yes, that was a good idea of yours to put Moira in the window. "Available in fifteen different sizes"....brilliant.

BILL: Yeah, business is sure booming. 87 marriages we've arranged this week. There's money in this game.

TONY: There certainly is. The vicar's put a new roof on the Church.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TONY: Come in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

KENNETH: Good morning.

TONY: Good morning.

KENNETH: I have a complaint to make.

TONY: Yes?

KENNETH: That woman you introduced me to. She was already married.

TONY: How do you know?

KENNETH: She was my wife. I'm warning you, I'm going to sue.

TONY: Well I hope you have better luck with her. Goodday.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SLAMS)

BILL: Hey Tub, do you think that guy'll make trouble?

TONY: What if he does? What's one complaint amongst eighty seven.

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TONY: Come in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

ALAN: 'Ere - I've got a terrible complaint to make.

TONY: What?

ALAN: That girl you introduced me to.

TONY: Well?

ALAN: I married her. Cor blimey..etc. I want my money back or I'll sue yer.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SLAM)

BILL: Tub, that's two of 'em. This is getting serious.

TONY: Don't worry, there's nothing they can -

EFFECTS: (KNOCK ON DOOR)

TONY: Come in.

EFFECTS: (DOOR OPEN)

GRANNY: Anything for me today?

TONY: No Granny hoppit.

GRANNY: No Chelsea pensioners or anything?

TONY: No, I told you yesterday the only man we've got on our books is sixty...and you're not having him. There's a law in this country against baby snatching. Come back tomorrow.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

TONY: I wish she'd turn it in. She hangs outside here all day long. Grabs anything in trousers who walks into this building. The milkman's asking for danger money. I'll have to put the ban up to her.

EFFECTS: (QUICK DOOR OPEN)

GRANNY: You've put the nan's up. I'm ready, I'm ready. Where is he?

TONY: Get out. Go on, get back to the jazz clubs.

EFFECTS: (DOOR SHUT)

TONY: If she comes in here once more I'll have to start charging her rent, it's no good.

EFFECTS: (CHIMES PLAY "WEDDING MARCH")

TONY: Hallo - customers. Take charge till I get back. (GOING OFF MIKE) Shan't be long.

MOIRA: (COMING ON) Oh Bill, Bill...oh there you are.

BILL: Moira, what are you doing here? Put that swimsuit on again and get back in that window.

MOIRA: No, I'm fed up with it.

BILL: Why?

MOIRA: Well how would you like to be on the receiving end of fifty noses flattened up against the window. How's business?

BILL: Great, just great. We've only got one woman left on the books. Old Granny Higgins.

MOIRA: Only one. This morning you had a hundred and twenty. Where have they all gone?

BILL: The Sultan of Morocco came in to get stocked up for the winter. But you know I'm getting worried Moira. We've been getting complaints in. Sid's not going to like it.

MOIRA: I'm not surprised you've had complaints the way Tony handles things. He never lets them see each other until it's too late. He sends a picture of Stewart Granger to all the women, one of Ava Gardner to all the men, puts all the lights out in the Church, throws rice in their eyes when they come out...and they're halfway to Brighton before they find out what each other looks like. By the way, where is the boy?

BILL: He's outside talking to one of our clients.

SLIGHT FADE IN

TONY: Of course this isn't the first time I've had anything to do with weddings you know.

ALAN: I didn't think it was.

TONY: It isn't. As a matter of fact I was involved in one meself not so long ago.

ALAN: Yes?

TONY: And you'll never guess who the lucky lady was.

ALAN: Moira, I've been listening.

TONY: No, no, before her. This was about a year ago. I've got more than one string to my bow you know. I'm a boy for the...er...er...

ALAN: Are you?

TONY: I am. What? It's got me in trouble before now.

ALAN: I know, I heard about it.

TONY: Alright, nanti parlari. As I was saying, guess who this woman I nearly married was.

ALAN: Margaret Rutherford?

TONY: You're taking the mickey now aren't you. Well watch it, or you won't be in this bit next week. I'll tell you who it was. Marilyn Monroe.

ALAN: No.

TONY: Yes.

ALAN: No.

TONY: Look...don't overdo it, we haven't got much time this week. As I was saying, Marilyn Monroe. I nearly married her. Course she was crazy about me you know. She saw me photo in a horror comic. Well there we were, she was on her knees proposing to me...and I told her I'd think about it. Well thirty seconds later we were haring it down to the vicar's at sixty miles an hour. Then she got out of breath so we stopped and went by car. Well we arrived at the Church...it was a lovely do. They had a choir. It wasn't the George mitchell one.

ALAN: That's a change.

TONY: That's what I thought. Well there we were, standing side by side in front of the vicar. She looked lovely. She did. She was dressed beautifully. You know, sort of clinging to her.

ALAN: What was?

TONY: This beautiful white gown, sort of moulded to her figure...you know, coming in and out, in and out...mostly out...and sort of sweeping down over her hips...and you know, sort of low cut round the...I'm not boring you am I?

ALAN: No, no.

TONY: You're more excited than I was. Well then the service started. 'Cos by this time I was getting impatient.

ALAN: Naturally.

TONY: Well you would.

ALAN: I would.

TONY: You couldn't have stood it this far. So anyway, we got to the important bit. The bit I was waiting for.

ALAN: Marilyn.

TONY: You jumped in there didn't you. I was talking about the service.

ALAN: Were you?

TONY: Yes.

ALAN: Oh.

TONY: Well shut up then. The vicar looked at her and said "Do you Marilyn take this man Anthony Aloutious to be your lawful wedded husband?"...and she said "Yes, yes". Cos she was getting impatient too. And then he looked at me and said.."Do you Anthony Aloutious take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?" Well, I turned and looked at her. A vision of loveliness. And I thought, this will shortly be mine. She smiled at me, sweetly you know, her eyes full of meaning, encouraging me. A little shiver went up me spine, and I turned back to the vicar and I was just going to say "I do" and do you know what happened. Joe di Maggio clouted me over the head with a baseball bat.

EFFECTS: (ANGRY CROWD IN DISTANCE)

BILL: Hey Tub, I think you'd better come quickly. Sid's back and boy is he mad.

SIDNEY: (ANGRY) Where is he, where is he? I'll kill him so help me. Where is he?

TONY: What's all the fuss about?

SIDNEY: Hancock. Where's his throat, where's his throat?

TONY: What's the matter?

SIDNEY: What's the matter? You've ruined me that's what.

TONY: Nonsense. Your business has never been so good. I've married off eighty seven people this week.

SIDNEY: Yes, and they're all outside screaming blue murder. Threatening to sue me.

TONY: But why?

SIDNEY: Because they're not legally married, that's why.

TONY: Rubbish, I saw the vicar marry 'em meself - and I paid him.

SIDNEY: This vicar...was he a little fellow, scar down one cheek, close cropped hair, four days growth of stubble on his chin?

TONY: That's right.

SIDNEY: I knew it.

TONY: What?

SIDNEY: Parson Fred's out again. You're not going to get away with this Hancock. All those people are screaming for their money back. And you're going to give it to them out of your own pocket, see.

TONY: But I haven't got any money.

SIDNEY: Then you'd better hurry up and get some hadn't you. Go on, get cracking.

GRAMS: LINK

TONY: So there it is Mr. Bush, I've got to pay all the money back. So if that caretaker job's still open, I'd be very grateful.

KENNETH: Well I'd like to help you Mr. Hancock, but I don't see how I can. Rules are rules. I'm not allowed to employ anybody who's not married.

TONY: Yes, I know that. That's why I got married this morning.

KENNETH: You did? Well congratulations. That of course alters everything. You can have the job with pleasure. Start as soon as you like.

TONY: Thank you sir. I'll just tell the wife. (CALLS) Granny - Get your overalls on and bring the shovel, we're in business girl.

GRAMS: CLOSING THEME (UP & UNDER)

ADRIAN: You have been listening to "Hancock's Half Hour", featuring the lad himself, with Moira Lister, Bill Kerr, Sidney James and Kenneth Williams. Incidental music was composed by Wally Stott and recorded by the BBC Augmented Revue Orchestra conducted by Harry Rabinowitz. The script was written by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson - and the programme, which was recorded, was produced by Dennis Main Wilson.

GRAMS: "HANCOCK THEME" UP & TO END

(SEGUE)

GRAMS: PLAYOUT - TO END